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ACROSS THE PAGES . . .

In "So Near, And Yet So Far", Sister M. Elise Wijnen writes about Mohammedanism in India. This "sword-spread" religion is "one of the simplest of all religions", so near, and yet so far from Christianity.

Reading Father Barrett's "Animal Kingdom", a description of Patna Mission's menagerie, is as entertaining as a visit to the circus.

Our Sisters who attended the nursing congresses in Rome and Atlantic City send us reports in "The International Congresses of Nurses."

"Midnight in Mandar"—the first story from our newest, smallest, and poorest hospital in India.

YOUR WILL . . . . .

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY
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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care for the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

The main activities of the Society include the conducting of hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health works.

Medical Mission Centers conducted by the Society in India and the United States are:

HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL
Rawalpindi, India
HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL
Patna, India
MITFORD MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL.
Dacca, Bengal, India
THE SANTA FE CATHOLIC MATERNITY INST., Santa Fe, N. M.
THE CATHOLIC COLORED CLINIC
Atlanta, Georgia

It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

Notice to Subscribers

Owing to difficulties in obtaining paper we are combining the July and August issues.

A World is Waiting

". . . only the Samaritan can rebuild the world." The world is weary. The world needs rebuilding. The world wants to be rebuilt. But where are the Samaritans who will do it?

Nurses by profession are Samaritans. During the past months thousands of them have traveled across the world, over war-torn routes, to meet together to discuss their part in the remaking of the world. Banded together they can form a Legion of Mercy to ease suffering mankind.

There was a road from Jerusalem to Jericho over which robbers had passed . . . Today over all the earth there are many roads leading from what were once beautiful cities to places which are now scenes of ruin. The thief "war" has passed by and only cold, hungry, weary humanity remains —waiting—waiting until a Good Samaritan approaches—until Charity stops and ministers.

True, our nurses during the past years have poured into wounds all that modern science provides, have bandaged up the battle-torn, and have faced every danger. But the nurse's work is not over with the battle. The task still remains to heal the sores left by war, starvation and poverty. This can be done only by a selfless giving of self, by the practice of this Samaritan-profession in its noblest aspects. The nurse possesses a power granted to few. Death, sickness, despair, in her hands, can become life and health and hope.

In his book "Design for Christian Living" Peter Michaels states a philosophy prevalent in nursing circles today. "Cease to think of yourself as an angel of mercy and consider yourself as a professional woman, a doctor's assistant." This is no substitute for nurses' ideals. It is Charity and Service that are held aloft by the Blessed Mother, Our Lady of the Visitation; by Florence Nightingale, the Lady of the Lamp,— their models.

By its nature nursing presents a challenge. From the missionary fields, where there is so much unnoticed and uncared for human suffering, comes a challenge to the nurse who seeks the greatest outlet for her charity. It is in the pioneering posts of mission lands that opportunities are limitless.

The call for nurses is resounding over the world today. May many heed the call, urged on by the Charity of Christ, and remembering that, as Rev. Gerald Vann, O. P. says, "only the Samaritan can rebuild the world."

SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR

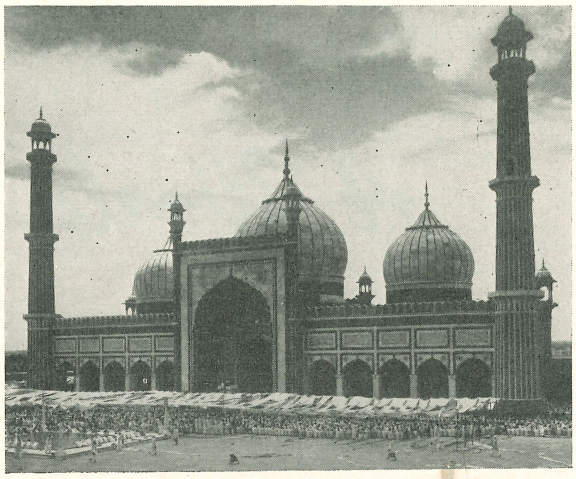
SISTER M. ELISE WIJNEN, S.C.M.M., M.D.

India is a strange country. Anyone who follows its struggle for independence in the daily papers, must have come to that conclusion long ago. Here is Britain, ready to hand over India to the Indians, and there is India divided against itself to such an extent that negotiations are held up almost indefinitely. One who has not seen the gap between Muslims and Hindus with his own eyes can hardly visualize this problem. The Bengal riots have startled even those who thought they knew India well.

Mohammedanism has been called "one of the simplest of all religions." It rests squarely on the famous, oft-repeated Mohammedan belief: "There is no God *but* God, and Mohammed is His prophet." Its creed is definite and straight-forward: The one, personal God is the Supreme Ruler of all, whose will must be accepted without murmur in such widely divergent matters as a death in the family, and unfavorable weather. All men are created equal, and as such are brothers, even if they have to be fought to the death! The Old Testament prophets are accepted, and read to an astonishing extent, and Christ is regarded as a saint and a great reformer, but not as the Son of God. Even more remarkable is their love and reverence for Our Lady. They believe and appreciate the Virgin Birth, more than many "should-be" Christians.

The rules and obligations of Mohammedanism are few and definite: private prayer five times a day, in many places announced by the "muezzin" (crier) from the mosque; public prayer on great feasts; fast during the month of Ramazan; almsgiving, and a pilgrimage to the holy places in Mecca, for those who can afford it. Its restrictions are few: pork meat is forbidden, and so are intoxicants (in theory!) Four wives are allowed, and divorce is easy. The casual attitude towards women was well illustrated by Azam Khan, one of Akbar's generals: "A man should marry four wives: a Persian woman, to have someone to talk to; a Khurasani woman for his housework; a Hindu woman, to look after his children, and a woman from Transoxania, to have someone to whip as a warning for the other three!" In practice, few men nowadays can afford more than one wife!

Considering these tenets, and the historical fact that neither Mohammed nor his followers ever showed or claimed supernatural, miraculous powers, the sudden rise of Islam is surely



Jama Masjid, a Mohammedan mosque at Delhi

one of the marvels of history. In A. D. 622 Mohammed with a handful of followers had to flee for his life from Mecca to Medina. Yet little more than a century later his successors ruled over an empire that included practically the whole of the Near East, and gradually extended even further, notably over India, some three or four centuries later.

There is only one explanation of this phenomenal spread: the sword. With the unerring psychological insight which seems to be the main characteristic of all great religious leaders, Mohammed hit upon the one factor that was capable of inspiring and uniting the barbarian desert tribes around him. These Arabs, living in the deepest depth of squalor and boredom, rose up as one man to "Jehad", the holy war against unbelievers, to spread the faith of Islam. This wasn't all religious fanaticism, either. One of Mohammed's generals, Khalid by name, expressed it most graphically. He had won a victory over a Persian army, and after the plunder, tasted for the first time the delicacies and luxuries of that superior civilization. Said he; "By Allah! Even if there were no faith to fight for, it were worth our while to fight for these."

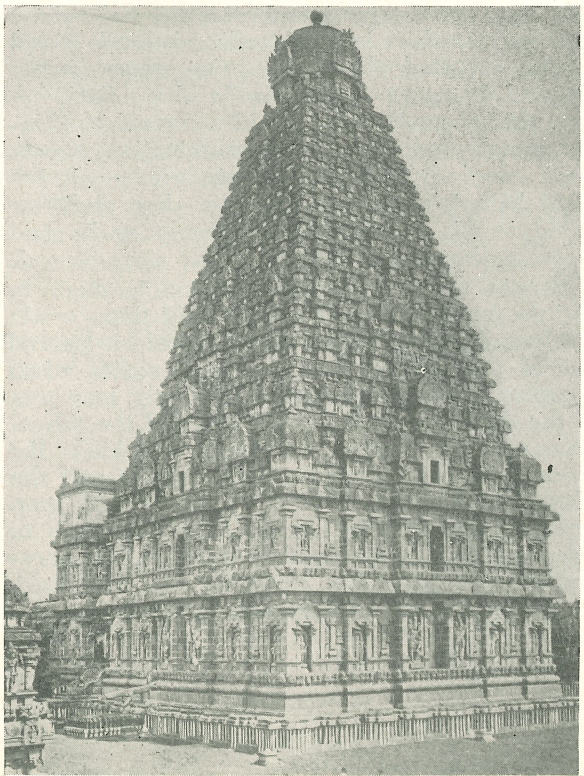
The irresistible flood of Islam invasion hit India in the eleventh century, and carried all before it, until its own decadence gave the British the chance to take over, in the seventeenth century. During those six hundred years India was in the grip of Moslem rule, now more, then less, here more, there less. It is a historical fact that the cruelties and fanaticism of some of the Moslem invaders laid the foundation of the present day Hindu-Moslem breach. Although the majority of Indian Mohammedans are the descendants of Hindu converts, Indian born and bred, yet the two cultures, Hindu and

Mohammedan, intricately interwoven as they are, still remain sharply differentiated and clearly distinguishable. There lies the crux of India's political problems: can and should these two civilizations be torn apart, or can and must they pull together, for the good of India? Only time will give the answer.

The clear distinction between Hindus and Mohammedans can be seen daily in the streets. Take the matter of clothing, for instance. Anyone can see at a glance that this person is a Mohammedan. The tall fez or special turban, the tight-fitting, high-necked long coat, the loose pyjamas or "lungi" (a piece of cloth, wrapped around the waist), the sandals with the upcurled toes, and the woman's "burkha," are unmistakable. Even the features, the hair-do, the hennaed hands of the women set them apart from their Hindu neighbors. They do not intermarry, nor do they eat together, and even their language differs: Urdu for the Mohammedans, Hindi for the Hindus. They have their own feasts: Bakr-Id, Moharram, Id-ul-Fitr, and their own places of worship, the gracefully minaretted mosques, often beautifully decorated with intricate mosaics, but utterly devoid of statues, pictures, flowers and furniture, in sharp distinction to the overcrowded Hindu temples with their hundreds of gods and goddesses.

It is a commonly overlooked fact that the strength and permanence of both the Hindu and the Mohammedan religion reside in their women-folk. In Hinduism it is the caste-system, rigidly enforced and maintained by the women of the family, that sustains its tenets. With the Mohammedans it is the "purdah" that keeps

Great Pagoda, a Hindu temple at Tanjore



the race pure and unmixed, thus preventing the watering down and widening out of creed and practices, such as would follow inevitably in intermarriage and free intercourse.

Mohammedan women, at least the vast majority of them, see and meet no one, literally nobody, all their lives long, but their own father, brothers and husband, their women relations, and perhaps a few, carefully selected women-friends. They live in the "zenana", separate quarters at the back of the house, with not a window that opens on the street. They never leave that place, usually a few rooms and a small courtyard, except enveloped from head to foot in a loose, nightmarish kind of garment, called a "burkha". Even the rare outings are usually nothing but exchanging one prison for another, for when they arrive at their relatives' house, they never even lift the burkha until they have reached the zenana!

Such rigid seclusion is considered the essence and proof of respectable Mohammedan womanhood, and as such is strictly maintained and insisted upon by the women themselves. Most of the more educated Mohammedan men are ashamed and apologetic about purdah. But the women hug their chains, all but a very few. Yet the suffering and misery they inflict upon themselves are beyond all telling. Close confinement, boredom, lack of fresh air and exercise, and curtailed, if any, education, make for chronic physical and mental ill-health, anemia, rickets, osteomalacia, tuberculosis, and untold misery in childbirth. Lack of medical care is also serious, for a man-doctor can do almost nothing for them, and women-doctors in India are few. Thousands upon thousands, year after year, are the victims of this pernicious practice, which has no foundation in the Koran at all, for it was introduced during the period of the invasion and conquest, to protect the women. It certainly boomeranged!

The factors which contribute to the proverbial difficulty of conversions among Mohammedans have already been mentioned; a deep-seated, blind fanaticism, which refuses both thought and criticism; a strong sense of solidarity with their Moslem brethren all over the world, born of the uniformity of creed and practices; and the aloofness and backwardness of the Mohammedan women, whom no priest, no school, no books can reach. That explains why Mohammedanism so often strikes us as paradoxical; so many similarities with Christianity, in their adoration of and submission to the one God, and their understanding of the equality and brotherhood of men, and yet such an abysmal gap, because they refuse to open their eyes to the truth of Christ, their only possible salvation. So near, and yet so far! Nothing but prayer and charity can bridge this chasm, in God's own good time.

ANIMAL KINGDOM

Rev. John J. Barrett, S.J.

All work and no play makes Jack an incredibly dull person, so in the two years I taught the small fry attending Christ the King high school at Bettiah in Patna Mission along the Sacred Ganges in India, there accrued to me a menagerie of pets. They arrived unsought for and departed in a crisis. During their stay they afforded amusement for the community of ten Jesuits teaching at the school.

The most lovable of the pets was Minnie the Moocher. She was very young when I got her and quite a girl when she left. Minnie had lovely little hands, big brown eyes, and a heart of gold. Her feet, lest I forget, were quite as dainty as her hands. Like most females she jabbered continually. My Minnie was a tailless monkey.

Her captor was a small Hindu boy in first year high school blessed with a quick wit and cursed with an indolent disposition. Binod Bihari had to go to school because his father insisted. The chance of an education which other boys strove for as the Golden Apple dangling from the Tree of Opportunity poor Binod regarded as a bauble not worth the effort. But he did not let the inflicted drudgery escape without some profit. He was a great trader. If he brought a cheap two cent top to school in the morning, he very likely departed with a broken bicycle in the evening after having bartered his way through the market of a pen, an alarm clock, a camera, a drum, a broken hand-organ to the bicycle. During the year he acquired a phonograph on premiums for soap that he sold his defenseless classmates.

Binod hoped to bargain with me eventually for a promotion slip to second year high. The difficulty was that I needed nothing and wanted less. When Binod had discovered my indifference to the things of this world he set about making up for lost knowledge by two fevered weeks of study. It was already too late. When he turned in his half-written examination papers in history and English, he knew that he would occupy the same seat with a new set of faces around him the next year. So, the cunning Binod tried a ruse,— or was he trying to distract me?

After the examinations I took flight to a mission station close to the Himalaya Mountains for a brief rest and some sport. It was Christmas week and Father Vincent McGlinchey and I, together with the 100 men of that Christian village, went chasing wild nilgy over the broad grassy plains and through sugarcane fields. With shot guns we brought down two huge deer, meat enough to feast the village for a week, and a fat shoulder was reserved for the New Year's Day dinner at Christ the King.

Weary from the hunt, but exhilarated by life in the open and the celestial vision of the snowy Himalayas, I returned to Bettiah and the onerous task of correcting 160 papers from the late examinations, among them Binod's. My room had been closed but not locked during my three day absence. Unsuspectingly I opened the door and went in. Destruction lay everywhere. A month's supply of *Chicago Tribunes* were mangled bits of paper strewn over the table, desk, chairs, and floor; the neat rows of books had been torn and heaved into the four corners; the towels and my clean white cassocks hung from the ceiling fan, the open bureau, the bedstead. And on the head of the bed sat a small brown monkey, wide-eyed, silent.

Binod had slipped this gift into my room knowing I was away. He had caught her by characteristic cunning. With a bag of rice the lad had gone with his bicycle to a mango orchard where a great monkey tribe hung out, and attracting their attention he scattered the rice some distance from where the monkeys sat. The greedy parents rushed down to the food leaving their infants trailing behind. Binod quickly spotted this little prize, scooped her up, and was away on his cycle like a flash before the angered tribe could pursue him. Unfortunately for Binod, the examination papers were carefully locked away in my trunk beyond Minnie's tearing reach, so her abductor failed in his purpose as miserably as he had failed in the examinations.

Minnie was a cute vixen. Small enough to fit into my cassock pocket, she hid there while I refereed soccer games after school, or peered out of the pocket at the passing sights when I cycled through the town. Her only fear was of the dumb airedale which guarded the school property. At times the boys watching the games would lure her from the pocket and she played with them. Inevitably she would soon screech, race rapidly on all fours and leap to my shoulders, scramble atop my head, her nervous fingers painfully clutching my red hair. The airedale was somewhere around.

For hours in an evening Minnie huddled in my lap while I sat at the desk correcting papers or preparing classes. Both hands held fast to my cincture or gripped the edge of the open front on the cassock. She mumbled and murmured to herself and turned up that wizened little face to me blinking her brown eyes. The dread moment was bedtime. Minnie lived in a packing case on the verandah outside my room. When the work was done and I yawned sleepily, she put on a tantrum and jabbered excitedly, for that was a sign that she, too, must go to bed. To get Minnie into her box required strategy. First was the problem of loosening her hold on my cassock and keeping her at arm's length, next to slip back the packing case cover and get her inside. Then the struggle to disengage her fingers from mine began, finally to release her hold on the case so the cover could be slid into place. Heartrending were the cries that came from her home until she whimpered off to sleep.

Minnie was my ward, but was loved by the community. So engaging were her manners we feared that Darwin might have been right had he but met her. After only a few weeks the Fathers were making bets of two stogies to a banana that her first words would be, "Has anyone seen my compact?" That being the state of affairs we decided to return Binod's gift since I had failed him anyway. Whether Minnie shortly died of a broken heart I do not know. I only know that I almost did.

Before we had Minnie there was Willy, Nilly, and Tilly. They were just a handful of fur found by the cook in a coal pile where mother mongoose had left them shortly after birth. Somewhat in the spirit of the Little Man of Assisi I adopted them. So small were they their eyes had not yet opened, so I fed them milk through an eye-dropper. In less time than it takes Congress to vote a bill the three mongooses were ambling all over the building, their sleek little ferret-like bodies gliding down corridors with long bushy tails flowing behind them, their rubber noses exploring everything in the house.

These three were great thieves. The cat grew thin because they lapped up her milk, the useless airedale began to show his ribs since they dug out the meat scraps from his rice while he chased after one or the other of them. Nor was the Fathers' table safe, though none of us grew thin.

Their living quarters were never permanent. For the most part they settled in my desk drawer, climbing up into it from behind, but one might find all three snuggled into his shoe when he arose at dawn. By some quirk of nature they conceived a penchant for sleeping in my trousers while I was wearing them. As I sat at the desk working they gingerly crawled up inside the pants leg and burrowed alongside my thigh in quiet comfort. Their favorite outdoor sport was sliding down the rain spout. This they did by scampering up to the roof and entering the drain at the gutter. There would be a sharp scraping noise inside as they slid down the two stories, and Willy, Nilly, and Tilly, would pop out on the ground much pleased with their performance.

During their occupancy at Christ the King we never saw a snake. The mongoose is the terror of poisonous snakes, even cobras. On one occasion we caught a krait in a basket, and learned to marvel at the instinct God has put in His little creatures. I released the snake on the verandah after having summoned my pets. The reptile quickly made for a corner as Willy fixed his eye on him. The two females stretched out in the warm sun apparently disinterested. Cautiously the krait, a black snake eighteen inches long and deadly poisonous, reared and swayed in readiness to pary Willy's attack. It was over in a minute. The little mongoose darted to right and left a few times, feinted an attack and got in behind the krait. We saw the snake fly round and round in the air and fall stone dead.

Willy quite calmly got the dead snake's head into his mouth, spit it out, and came over to bite on my trouser cuff. This he did thrice. Then only I noticed three yellow stains on the cloth, the venom which the mongoose had squeezed out and deposited before he and his two companions delectably ate their victim from head to tail so completely there was nothing but a memory left.

The trouble-makers finally projected a crisis. Mistaking another's trousers for mine on an unpropitious occasion, Willy climbed up into a visiting Father's pants leg while he was saying Mass. And that was the end of their adventures. It was time anyhow, for their progeny, now thirteen other mongooses, were robbing our table and the Fathers had begun to look thin.

This image of Our Lady under the title "Cause of Our Joy" is venerated in the chapel of the Via S. Marcello, Rome. According to legion, the eyes opened on July 9, 1796.

The International C

IN ROME

Sister M. Francesca, S.C.M.M., R.N.

Rain, wind and dark skies were our companions on Easter Day as we journeyed through Holland, Belgium and France on our way to the International Congress of Catholic Nurses in Rome. In Switzerland all was bright and spring-like; the only country where we did not see shelled houses, bullet-ridden carriages, ruins of what used to be parts of towns. From Maastricht to Basel, from Chiasso to Rome, everywhere traces of war and destruction, of misery and poverty, met our eyes. But in Switzerland the sun was shining over this scatheless country and all the bells were ringing for Easter Monday. In Italy, the Lombardian plains reminded us of Holland.

In Rome we stayed with the Ursulines of the Roman Union who are always and everywhere the same in their liberal and cordial hospitality. Did not Mother Dengel write ten years ago after her visit to the Ursulines of Bangkok: "I felt as much at home as if I were in Brookland, D. C." That is how we felt at the General House in Rome. However, this forty hour railway journey had not been undertaken to enjoy the peace and quiet behind convent walls, but rather we were bound for the International Congress of Catholic Nurses.

His Eminence Cardinal Pizzardo, the Cardinal of Catholic Action, opened and closed the Congress. The clerics were intensely interested in the discussions in which there was great mutual understanding and a fruitful exchange of thought. The resolutions taken show the trend of the discussions: every country should aim to build up a solid Catholic organization of registered nurses; there should be cooperation with secular organizations; the nurses' guilds must strive to raise the status of the nursing profession; thorough hospital training must be required; cooperation with religious should be promoted as much as possible. Hundreds of European and American lay-nurses were present, as well as members of religious communities.

After the Congress there was time for sightseeing. The vice-rector of the Dutch Papal College looked after us and secured tickets for a public audience with the Holy Father. Our kind advisor went with us to the Catacomb of St. Callistus and celebrated Mass for our Society in the chapel of the Popes-martyrs.

Rome is the Madonna's City. In the houses, at the corners of the streets, in the four hundred churches, and the four hundred smaller churches and public chapels, one finds Our Lady's image; famous or unknown, artistic or only well-meant, but everywhere venerated and decorated. In our guide book "Ave Roma" thousands of Madonnas were listed, including the most hidden-away Madonna of Rome: Causa Nostrae Laetitiae. We could not leave Rome without making every effort to find the shrine of the patroness of our Society!

Our Lady made us walk round "Jericho" seven times before she permitted us to find her. We had churches opened that are seldom used nowadays, and she was not there. We made inquiries concerning her whereabouts in every language in which we could say a few words, but nobody seemed to know her. Finally a Franciscan Father answered our French question with a "Si, Si," and with a broad but rather mysterious sweep of his arm pointed to a street nearby. An alley . . . no cathedral, . . . no church, but somewhere a little picture on the wall. We entered the tiny chapel with barely enough room for ten persons. The picture represented Our Lady as Queen and round her neck a crucifix, and the word "Laetitiae" could still be vaguely seen. Thus we greeted our patroness in the City of Rome.

Seldom do we have the opportunity of meet-

ngresses Of Nurses

AND ATANTIC CITY

Sister M. Clare, S.C.M.M., R.N.

ing people from thirty-two different countries of the world (under one roof) in order to discuss a common interest! The International Congress of Nurses in Atlantic City, however, provided just that setting. Over six thousand nurses attended—making it a tremendous success.

As we know this was the first International Congress of Nurses since World War II, the previous one having been held in London in 1937. The last one to be conducted in the United States was in 1901. The general impression was one of magnitude! The Convention Hall, which incidentally is the world's largest auditorium, was divided in half—the front being the speakers' setting with audience, and the latter half devoted to booths.

A portrait of Florence Nightingale was in a prominent place on the stage throughout the Congress. Her birthday is honored on National Hospital Day, May 12, which was also the opening day of the Congress. The most impressive session was held in her honor at which a Florence Nightingale Oration was delivered. The oration dealt with her writings. We were most interested in her study of the health conditions in India, and her recommendations to the British Parliament for their improvement.

Before the opening of the first session Mass was offered by Reverend Edward Garesché, S J. at St. Nicholas' Church for all the Catholic nurses. and a Communion Breakfast followed. Father Garesche gave the nurses a resume of the recent International Congress of Catholic Nurses in Rome, stating that the Holy Father strongly urged Catholic hospitals to take the lead in raising professional standards and education.

Among the various speakers were representatives of many fields of health. Dr. Thomas Parran of the United States Public Health Service made the forceful remark that in the field of health, nations are inter-dependent. Promotion of health in any nation is of value to all nations. The World Health Organization will promote international professional standards. In nursing, there is a great need for such standards because levels of nursing education vary greatly from country to country—as well as from school to school. "As I see it, this is a period of re-evaluation for nursing, as it is for medicine. It is a rare opportunity to discard the worn out ideas and restrictive traditions of the past, and salvage the best for the future."

The contribution of the various European countries provided an enrichment to the discussions which was stimulating. Mlle. M. Bihet of Institut Edith Cavell in Belgium called on the Congress for an analysis of the nursing profession as it is practiced and also of nursing education. As she stated, the greatest criticism of modern education of nurses is the tendency to substitute instruction for education; intellectual culture for heart and character building. An over-full syllabus is no substitute, if teachers of the profession are not competent individuals who have "good heads, kind hearts, great tact, and who at the same time have made nursing the ambition of their lives."

At the concluding session in which Miss Effie Taylor presided, the retiring President gave the members of The International Council of Nurses their watchword, FAITH. In thanking the nurses for their loyalty during the war years, Miss Taylor asked for: faith in our purpose and objectives; faith in our colleagues and ourselves; and above all, faith that under God's guidance, the world will be fair and all her folk be free, and that in the not too distant future, it may be proven that under heaven there is only one family!

Portrait of Florence Nightingale on display at the International Congress of Nurses, Atlantic City, May 1947.

(Printed by permission of Johnson & Johnson)

Our Debt of Filial Love And Gratitude To Archbishop Curley

His Excellency, the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, born in Athlone, Ireland, October 12, 1879; ordained in Rome 1904; served as a missionary in Florida until 1914 when he was made Bishop of St. Augustine at the age of 35 years. On his appointment to Baltimore on August 10, 1921, he succeeded Cardinal Gibbons in the primatial See of the United States. He was named prelate of the See of Washington when it was established in 1939. He died in Baltimore, May 16, 1947.

With the death of the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Washington and Baltimore, on May 16, 1947, our Society lost a great-hearted father and kind friend.

When the plan of a community for Medical Mission work—whose members could practice the medical and nursing professions in their full scope including surgery and obstetrics—was presented to him, it was decidedly an innovation. Rt. Rev. Msgr. C. F. Thomas, the Archbishop's delegate for religious communities of women, to whom Rev. Father Michael A. Mathis, C. S. C. had submitted the tentative constitutions drawn up by Dr. Dengel, called it a holy experiment. It was as such, no doubt, that Msgr. Thomas presented it to the Archbishop, and perhaps it was as such that Archbishop Curley gave his permission on June 10, 1924 to start our Society. To us the elements of risk and trust involved in granting the foundation increases our appreciation and gratitude.

Although we could not at that time be a congregation with public vows on account of the nature of our Society, and although it was not foreseen then that Rome would sanction Medical Mission work eleven years later by urging the foundation of such communities ad normas iuris communis, that is with public vows, Archbishop Curley granted us from the first day the greatest privilege he could grant us, namely reservation of the Blessed Sacrament.

During the fifteen pioneer years when our Motherhouse was in Washington, we experienced his benevolent interest and help on many occasions. When there was question of moving the Motherhouse to Philadelphia, he gave us permission with the remark "if it is to the advantage of your Community." We were told that when he spoke with justifiable pride of the religious communities in his Archdiocese, he would humorously add "We even have Medical Missionaries."

Only two days before his death, we met Sister M. Athanasius, a Bon Secours Sister from Baltimore at the International Convention of Nurses in Atlantic City. She had been his private nurse on many occasions, and said that the Archbishop spoke about us frequently. When we asked her to convey our greetings to him, she told us of the critical condition he was in, but we did not realize that in less than two days we would hear of his death.

A Requiem Mass was offered for him in our chapel and in all the houses of our Society. We shall always remember him prayerfully and most gratefully. May Archbishop Curley, who labored so strenuously and with such courage for God's honor and glory and the salvation of souls, rest in peace.

A. D.

MIDNIGHT IN MANDAR

SISTER M. LAETITIA, S.C.M.M., R.N.

A new Catholic Hospital was opened in Mandar, India, on March 19. The new hospital is situated in a tiny village miles from anywhere. A great deal has been said and written about the need of village hospitals. As Pandid Nehru has said, "India lives in a village"—a village without medical aid.

On the morning of the opening day a great crowd appeared out of nowhere. Many had walked all night to be present. His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Oscar Sevrin, S. J., Bishop of Ranchi, said Mass in the open air while the aborigines sang hymns in their native dialect. Later His Excellency blessed the hospital. The crowd stayed to welcome the Sisters with songs, dances and speeches. Gifts were produced in the form of rice, eggs, money and even a duck. It seemed as though the Lord was saying, "Do not worry. I shall feed you and supply all your wants." Everyone was garlanded and the ceremony of the washing of the hands was carried out two or three times. This is done exactly as to a bishop at Mass. The Sisters began to feel more like bishops every minute.

The hospital was then blessed with many gallons of holy water,—the stones, the bricks, the iron, the tiles, the sand,—nothing was omitted in the blessing. "Anyway," remarked one of the Sisters, "there are no devils left after that!" "How can there be," smiled one of the priests, "they are all drowned, drowned in holy water."

Jungle Surgery

Immediately the doors of the hospital were opened, there was an influx of both out-patients and in-patients, some of them deathly sick. The buildings were not finished; the beds had not arrived, but the patients were too ill to be turned away. Sisters, doctors and nurses crawled around the floor, giving intravenous saline, assorted treatments and even performing minor emergency operations. One could only think with horror what had happened to the villagers when they had no hospital. "What did you do?" asked one of the Sisters of a father of a seriously sick child. "We died," was the pathetic reply. "Last year my wife developed a cold on her chest and she died within a week. A month ago my child fell ill and after two or three days, he died." The poor man with tears in his eyes added, "You seem like gods who have descended upon our village to do all this for us." The Sisters hoped he would continue in this attitude of mind for his only remaining son was as bad a case of cerebral spinal meningitis as anyone would wish to see. (N. B. He recovered.)

Bicycle! Horse! Jeep!

The great difficulty of a conveyance-less village life is getting to the people and getting the sick ones to the hospital. For the first few days the Sisters borrowed the Patna jeep and it was a great help. They drove many miles and brought in two practically moribund cases. The lives of the first two patients were saved, one the mother of five children. Then, alas, the jeep had to return to Patna.

Next, came a call a few miles off. The only means of transportation was a man's bicycle. The Sister eyed it with great distrust; after a wobbly fashion she could manage a woman's bike but a man's was a horse of another color, or rather another bar. But the case was urgent. So she made an attempt. After a trial or two, Sister got going. Dismounting was a problem, even worse than riding along the six-inch wide uneven paths. There seemed to be no way of separating herself from her unwieldy steed except the simple way of falling off. This Sister did as gently as possible and with as little personal damage as could be managed.

The District of Buns

One afternoon an aborigine came gasping to the hospital: "Come quickly . . . dying" were the only articulate words. This time there was no jeep, no bicycle, only a pair of feet very

unused to walking. However, walk they did. A supposed two miles stretched into at least five—across rivers, through which one had to wade; through endless ploughed fields in which ladies dressed to resemble Mother Eve were playing polo (at least it looked a bit like it); with polo mallets they were breaking large knobs of earth into small ones. Just as the sun was setting, Sister reached the little pagan village called Bunjhila. "Jhila" means district, so Sister translated it "the district of buns."

The patient was in a deep shock and Sister realized that immediate intravenous saline and blood plasma were the only hope. "We must take her to the hospital immediately," said she. "Nai, nai," said the old mother. "Then she will die." "Nai, nai, nai." "We must take her." "Nai, nai, nai." "It is her only tiny hope." "Nai, nai, nai." It was a hopeless situation. "St. Joseph, where are you?", murmured the Sister. Not to appear heartless she dropped a few minims of medicine into the poor relaxed mouth and gave a heart stimulant. Immediately the atmosphere changed. "Take her," said the lady of the "nai's." It was pitch dark by the time a string bed was slung onto a bamboo pole on which the patient could be carried to the hospital. The procession emerged from the tiny village and the Sister wondered what the six accompanying aborigines would do to her if the comatose patient were to die.

Going, the Sister had been a most important person—the lady who was going to miraculously save the patient's life. She was carefully helped over the rough spots and helped across the rivers so that she would not drown too deeply. Returning, all thought was focused on the patient, as it should have been. Once Sister's escort remembered her sufficiently to call out, "Don't fall into the pit!" just as she was about to walk into a hole the size of a large room. When the river was reached and she was left to jump from stone to stone in pitch darkness she called, "Don't leave me here with all this water; I need help." One of the men then came back and helped her across. A little later the group was completely lost. "Isn't there a chance of asking a villager for directions?" implored the Sister. "Not a soul," was the perfectly calm reply. Between blistered feet and the dying patient, Sister was beginning to feel pretty well hopeless. So they walked up ploughed fields, down ploughed fields, and around ploughed fields. Suddenly one man recognized the place. Oh, what a blessing! Just as they were turning into the hospital a snake fell out of a tree and missed the Sister's nose by a fraction of an inch. Even the aborigine jumped a mile, but the feeble light of the little lamps was too dim to reveal the type of snake.

"Oh, for a jeep!" sighed the Sister as she set to work trying to bring the patient back to life. She and the other Sister with her worked until midnight. Surprisingly, the patient recovered.

A Prayer For India

For India pray, Mother and Queen most dear,
For she hath need of all thy queenly power
And tender love now in this anxious hour
Big with her fate that through the gloom draws near.

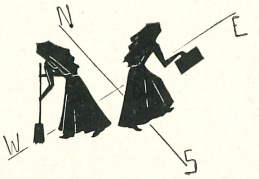
So long a prey to strife and hate and fear
She knows not peace, nor joy that is the flow'r of peace;
Oh, Queen of Peace!!!! Make peace her dow'r,
Sweet Cause of Joy! wipe from her face the tear.

But not for peace alone we yearning sue,
Strange gods do hold this gorgeous East in fee;
Bright Wisdom's Seat! teach her in season due
That He, Thy Son, is God! that only He,
Her King by right divine, gives freedom true,
The freedom with which Christ hath made us free.

E. Rodriguez

from the Heart of Christ "to the Heart of India".—
Rev. E. De Muelder, S.J.

AT HOME AND ABROAD



Washington and Philadelphia

It is graduation time again and both the Philadelphia and Washington houses number among their members a graduate. Sister M. Francis Webster received her degree as Doctor of Medicine from Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia on June 6. Sister will begin her internship at Mary Immaculata Hospital, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y. on July 1.

Sister M. Lucia received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, from the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. Her major subject is Anthropology, and her dissertation deals with "Maternal Care in a Spanish-American Community of New Mexico." The material for the dissertation was secured in a field study of the contemporary system of maternal care in a typical Spanish-American community, that of Ranchos de Taos.

Conventions:

This has been a year of conventions. The Society was represented by Sister M. Raphael and Sister M. Adelaide at the Catholic Hospital Convention in Boston, June 16. During the same week Mother Dengel, Sister M. Anthony, Sister M. Lucia and Sister M. Frederic attended the Marian Congress at Ottawa, Canada.

Atlanta, Georgia

Miss Elizabeth Weber from Detroit with her beautifully colored slides and movies has shown the Sisters how "colorful" and important is our Catholic Colored Clinic in Atlanta. We read many interesting things in recent reports:

"Tonsils seem to be growing like weeds these days. Children come in by droves. Many of them are referred from the public schools where examinations are being carried on by nurses and doctors of the City Health Department. In one school alone there were sixty children with defective tonsils. Most parents cannot afford a private doctor and the waiting list at the City Hospital was so long that they could never be cared for there. So—the supervisor of the city nurses approached us and we have already "snared" quite a few. We feel that it is really preventive medicine to operate on these children."

It would be our guess that there are more visitors at the Motherhouse than in any of our missions, but letters from Georgia make us wonder. "Some rather interesting visitors stopped at the Clinic this month. To begin with the Negro Committee sponsored Open House one Sunday and over a hundred people attended. A few days later, the Zeta Phi Beta Sorority celebrated Finer Womanhood Week, and as part of their program offered their services for several hours a day at various hospitals.

"A huge transit bus parked in front of the Clinic just before Easter. The leader preceded the group of eighty-five teenage girls who emerged from the bus, and asked whether they could go through the hospital and bring Easter greetings to the patients. They gave Easter eggs to each patient and sang several hymns. Our favorite went something like this: 'And He rose, and He rose, and He ro-O-o se!' A very good-natured doctor was literally made captive in our limited quarters as he attempted to hold clinic, but he appreciated the entertainment.

"The negro club groups are genuinely interested in our work and are helping with donations and sewing. At the last meeting one of the members took a supply of sewing home, and in a few days returned it beautifully done. We enjoyed hearing the names of these various clubs — Exquisite Honeydrippers, Original Beaming Light Club, Night after Night Savings Club.

"Several new types of surgery have been added to our operating room repertoire. One was in oral surgery—the excision of an epulis from the gum, and the other a skin graft from thigh to face. The latter surgery incidentally initiated a plastic surgeon to the staff."

Santa Fe

Sister M. Theophane writes that "retreats and vacations for the Sisters began May 24."

Sister M. Gemma tells about the Catholic Clinic: "The baby clinics are heavy since the Maternity Institute keeps us well supplied. The baby clinic was two years old on June 15, and it is doing much for mothers and infants. The Institute refers the babies to us and we follow through with immunizations, advice to mothers, etc. The women who help are generous with their time, and try to do all they can for the poor Spanish-American patients."

Rawalpindi

About pharmaceutical procedures Sister M. Renee will write another time, but now we are going to let her tell you about Indian birds: "Most of the birds around here are crows and buzzards. I never saw so many crows in my life as I have since I reached Bombay. The robins sound like robins but they have no red breast, and they mimic other birds. The sparrows sing sweeter than at home. I told Sister Alma Julia that after I learn to ride a bike I will learn to shoot and get rid of a few crows, but she suggested that it would be better to organize a garbage disposal system because they are a great help in this respect. (Oh, those crows! Those crows! Those cro-o-ows!)"

Sister M. Dolores has been elected to succeed Sister Margaret Mary on the Punjab Nursing Registration Council.

In an interesting letter Sister Alma Julia comments on a number of things, including the Indian situation: "Things are fairly quiet in Pindi, more the quiet of a truce than that of peace. When things were settling down two of our nurses passed through Lahore for the examinations. When they got to Lahore they tried to get a tonga. The tonga-wallah said, 'These tongas are for Muslims. The Hindu tongas are on the other side.' But the nurses replied, 'It doesn't matter to us what tongas we take. We are Christians,' so the tonga-wallahs consulted and then took them safely to the Convent where they were to stay for the night."

Mary Giri

Feast Day Firecrackers

"The noise, especially the shooting is terrific, but without fireworks a feast would not be properly celebrated," writes Sister M. Nicola from the novitiate in Kottayam. "The harvest season in our compound has started. A whole group of people cut and dry the tapioca. The bananas, jackfruit and cashew nuts are also ripe. The people certainly know how to use every part of a plant, nothing seems to be wasted. Everything takes so long to prepare, however, and there is so much more labor here, even more than in the Punjab."

A TRANS WORLD FLIGHT

From Holy Family Hospital in Patna City, Sister M. Cyril sends us details of the airplane trip from America to India. We shall skim over the departure from Philadelphia, or shall I say departures because there were several exits from the Motherhouse before the delayed plane finally landed at the Philadelphia airport. There were stops at New York. Boston, Newfoundland, and then out across the Atlantic. We shall let Sister Cyril describe the trip:

"Landing at Shannon Airport, Ireland, we went on a short tour of the Counties Clare and Limerick, saw the River Shannon, the picturesque thatched-roofed cottages with the little gardens in the front, the ivy-covered stone walls enclosing the fields, the ruins of the 11th and 12th century castles. Everything was really *green!* Left lane driving and the steering wheel to the right and the traffic —not only cars but herds of sheep and cows—caused much consternation.

"Because of the bad weather we skipped the scheduled stops at Paris and Geneva, but were awestruck at the lighted panorama of Marseilles as we passed over it. Early in the morning our plane landed at the Rome airport and took on more passengers so that we had a full load bound for Cairo.

"Before noon we arrived at Athens after passing beautiful stretches of fields (like a colored patch quilt) and hills with the little clusters of Grecian villages. At the Athens airport the hostess presented Sr. Renee and I with a couple of tiny souvenir yellow

Sister M. Renee and Sister M. Cyril at the Philadelphia airport.

and black vases encircled with Grecian figures.

"Cairo was next on the list. The fertile Nile valley, the camels, palm trees, the towns of adobe huts were all fascinating. Then we started along a great stretch of bleak, dry desert land—just miles and miles it seemed. Then, apparently in the midst of this Egyptian waste land, we landed. The airport with its little colony of houses and buildings had a garden where petunias, geraniums and trumpet vine were in bloom. A long winding road led from this place through the desert to the nearest town. The officials at the airport in their long white "night shirts" and red fezzes with black tassels seemed brusque and were very strict in their inspection. O yes, we did spy a 1946 Buick and Ford in the vicinity. The latter had a radio and wistful music of the East was on the program.

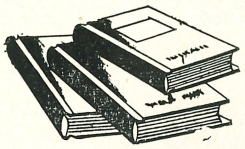
"That evening in Palestine we were able to view only the modernistic airport building with its glass observation tower and dome. At Saudi Arabia in the wee hours of the next morning there was little to see or do. The few Arabs around with their turbans and flowing robes were quite a sight. At Karachi we were 'welcomed' with a fumigation of D. D. T. As soon as we landed the man at the airport barged through our door and sprayed the plane thickly and also, if you please, each one of us as we alighted! (We had been in Africa and now precautions were being taken against our importing the mosquito and spreading yellow fever).

"After three hours flying we arrived at Bombay. Customs were passed successfully and then we were taken by bus to the Taj Mahal Hotel. From there everyone went his way. Such confusion! Enroute to the center of the city we saw for the first time Indian poverty—the tumbling filthy sheds with children and grown-ups in utter squalor sitting about on the ground. Bombay has many beautiful modern apartment buildings and many Western stores but most of them consist of the open-front stall. Vendors with fancy American Woolworth articles were all over the sidewalks squatting beside their rugs on which they display the wares. Buses, rickety windowless street cars, taxicabs, bicycles and automobiles are the other vehicles. The general appearance of the whole place, however, is far from the neatness, order and cleanliness of our cities.

"Soon I was on my way to Patna. At Patna Junction Sister Ignatius Marie was waiting for me. We got into a G. I. jeep with Holy Family Hospital painted on the front and were on our way home. The compound of the hospital is a bit dry and untidy at present because of building materials all around. In the center of it are bougainvillae and palms sheltering a small shrine of our Lady. Behind this suspended by bars held by two heavy short cement pillars is an immense Cathedral bell "Maria" that was presented to the Church by the King of Nepal in 1787. We ring it for the Angelus.

"The Cathedral contains the chapel and the quarters of the Sisters. The facade and portico of the Cathedral is a replica of St. John Lateran in Rome and the Madeleine in Paris. The four immense towering Ionic pillars are most impressive.

"I am greatly impressed at the ability of the nurses here in doing the practical procedures without the equipment which we felt essential. It means a lot to know what can be done in very poor conditions."



MISSION LIBRARY

INDIA IMMORTAL
By Rev. E. De Meulder, S.J.
Catholic Press, Ranchi, India
262 Pages

Eternal Truth for an undying India! Addressing the new generation of an ancient people, Father De Meulder in this compact little volume presents Catholicism as the great hope of India's future. With lightening-like sentences he flashes through the history of the Church. In theology and religion, in philosophy and science, in art and literature, the Church stands supreme.

Therefore, it is for the youth of India to enlist under her banner, to fight on the fields of Catholic Action; it is for the women of India to come forth from centuries of seclusion and join us as Sisters in Christ; it is for the men of India to enroll as "volunteers of Christ."

Father De Meulder's book contains a wealth of material written by a missionary on fire to spread the Kingdom of Christ in a land where as yet only one percent are Catholics. Lest we wonder about the title, the material, the arrangement, let us remember that the book is intended, not for us, but for the people of India,—to whet their appreciation for the one true Church.

BISHOP HARTMANN
By Rev. Fr. Fulgentius, O.F.M. Cap.
The Indian Press, Ltd., Alahabad
Pages 452

To mark the passing of a century since the consecration of the first Vicar Apostolic of Patna, the Most Reverend Dr. Anastasius Hartmann, O. F. M. Cap., a new biography of the Venerable Bishop has been published. The book is doubly interesting to the Medical Mission Sisters since our Holy Family Hospital is located in Patna where Bishop Hartmann lived and labored. The author must be congratulated for presenting to us this life of a humble son of St. Francis who died about 80 years ago, after a stormy but fruitful life as Vicar Apostolic of Patna and of Bombay. Born and educated in Switzerland, he gave his life for India.

This volume, so complete in details concerning not only the life of Bishop Hartmann, but also the growth of the Church in India during the nineteenth century, will be of particular value to those who study the history of that country. For the general reader, the book is replete with anecdotes of human interest as it recounts the long and tedious journeys through his extensive Vicariates which covered half of India, and the struggles and opposition he encountered as administrator. His influence in ecclesiastical circles was boundless and he did much to prepare the ground for the extension of the Catholic Hierarchy and the appointment of an Apostolic Delegate to India. This biography will be more interesting to those who are searching for facts, rather than to those who are looking for a story.

ETHICS—WITH SPECIAL APPLICATION TO THE NURSING PROFESSION
By Joseph B. McAllister, S.S., Ph.D.
W. B. Saunders Company,
Philadelphia, Pa.
425 Pages

As a result of the recent International Congress of Nurses in Atlantic City, the nursing profession together with its needs and responsibilities is foremost in our minds. Therefore, it is an auspicious time to present Father Mc Allister's book wherein he stresses the fact that it is not enough for the nurse merely to DO what is right, but she must KNOW what is right in order to meet the many modern challenges of daily problems.

The book has been inspired by the fact that "nurses have social responsibilities beyond the average" and "not to be able to give solid and reasonable explanations for their ethical judgments is to fail those who look to them for leadership." The purpose of the book is to give a rational account of moral good. As the author states he does not pretend to answer any and every moral problem, but to present fundamentals and principles, by the application of which the nurse may solve the difficulties arising in the everyday practice of her profession.

This book will appeal to both students and registered nurses; it may be used either as a text or a reference book, in classroom or library.

DIFFICULT STAR—THE LIFE OF PAULINE JARICOT
By Katherine Burton
Longmans, Green and Co.
229 Pages

This is the inspiring story of a lay apostle, a 19th Century Catholic Actionist, Pauline Jaricot, the beautiful and rich belle of fashionable society in Lyons, who lived and died a martyr for Justice.

Great-souled as she was, her heart beat not only for the poor and afflicted in France, but it responded to the needs of the Church as a whole—the Holy Father, the Missions. Today she is known as the Foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, although this title was denied her in her lifetime.

The small groups which back in 1819 collected "the little sou of Mademoiselle Jaricot" for the missions are now united in the great Pontifical Society. To commemorate its 125th anniversary this biography has been written by Mrs. Burton.

"Difficult Star" is not a dull, drab story of a quiet life, but a warm, human, delightfully holy life of a woman who through prayer, sacrifice, labor and heroic poverty won these words of praise from the Cure d'Ars, "She knew how to carry the heaviest crosses with love." Her life was a living example of her prayer, "Lord give us Saints. They alone renew and comfort the earth."

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rev. P. Tummers, O. P.
Nymegen, Holland
(Uncle of
Sister M. Leonie, S.C.M.M.)

Sister M. Nathaniel, C.S.C.
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Sister M. Philemon, C.S.C.
Holy Cross, Indiana

Dr. Jane C. Stone
Charlestown, Mass.

Mrs. Anne Doyle
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Elizabeth Schaefer
Portsmouth, Ohio

Miss Bridget Shaughnessy
Detroit, Michigan

Mr. Kirwan Flannery
Pittsburgh, Pa.
(Father of
Sister M. Louise, S.C.M.M.)

"The Enlarging Sphere of the Catholic Hospital"

(theme of the Catholic Hospital Convention, Boston, Mass., 1947)

IN THE MISSIONS

the enlarging sphere of the Catholic Hospital

is bringing Christ to souls and health to the sick.

YOU can help

by your prayers

and contribution

MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M. D.
Medical Mission Sisters
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Phila. 11, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

Enclosed find my offering $.....
for Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, India.

Sincerely,

.....